



IN MEMORIAM.

Pope Leo the Thirteenth.

BORN, 1810. DIED, JULY 20, 1903.

THERE in the hushed Cathedral's holy calm,
Dim lights about him, and the dome above,
He sleeps—immortal by the spirit-balm
Of universal love.

Still over lips and brow where life has passed
Lingers the smile of faith serenely fair;
The hands that blessed the world are folded fast
As in the act of prayer.

The long day closes and the strife is dumb.
Thither he goes where temporal loss is gain,
Where he that asks to enter must become
A little child again.

And, since in perfect humbleness of heart
He sought his Church's honour, not his own,
All faiths are one to share the mourner's part
Beside the empty throne.

High Guardian of the mysteries of God,
His circling love enwrapped the human race;
For every creed the Pontiff's lifted rod
Blossomed with flowers of grace.

The nations' peace he had for dearest cause;
Kings from his counsel caught a starry sign;
Christlike he fostered loyalty to laws,
These earthly, those divine.

So shall the heart of grief not soon be cold,
There least, where loyal tributes crown the way
Of Ireland's KING whose hand, as friends may hold,
He held but yesterday. O. S.

CHARIVARIA.

THERE turns out, after all, to be nothing in the concession that Russia has made to the United States with regard to the Treaty Ports. Her offer is to open them *after the evacuation of Manchuria*.

A negro mob has lynched a negro in Florida. This is what is known as "Aping one's betters."

The rates due from several Passive Resisters have been paid by anonymous friends during the past week, and the Passive Resisters are justly furious. They declare that England is not so rich in heroes that she can afford to lose any in this way.

A number of children in Geneva who partook in one hour of meat pies, jam tarts, ham, cherries, green apples, coffee, iced beer, iced water, red wine, raspberries, fruit ices, and chocolates, were suddenly overtaken by a mysterious illness, which the doctors are inclined to think must have been due to something they had eaten or drunk.

Recent statistics as to new recruits seem to show that the Englishman's motto nowadays is, "Throw physique to the dogs."

An admirable improvement in motor-cars is about to be introduced by one of our leading firms. Cars are frequently overturned, and the occupants buried underneath. In future, on the bottom of every car made by the firm in question there will be engraved the words, "Here lies—," followed by a blank space, which can be filled up by the purchaser.

In order to provide counter-attractions to public-houses on Bank Holiday it has been decided to open on that day, from 3 to 10 P.M., the four public libraries of Mile End, Whitechapel, Limehouse, and St. George's in the Borough. Up to the hour of going to press, local publicans have shown no sign of serious alarm.

The Hon. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD'S Flea-collection now comprises many thousands of these scourges, and it is surely time that a question were asked in Parliament as to whether the museum that holds them is under adequate police supervision.

SUGGESTED PET-NAMES FOR A GREEDY LITTLE BOY.—The Hold-all, The Little Stowaway.

A BALLADE OF MODIFIED AMBITIONS.

Ah! wherefore, at the season's wane—
In sultry London in July—
Seek routes, by steamer or by train,
To distant pleasure-haunts to fly;
Till each one's merits you deny,
For Spas grow stale and mountains
pall;
Though something fresh one fain
would try,
It ends in Margate after all.

The busy twelvemonth's stress and
strain,
Its eager strife to sell and buy,
Its balancings of loss with gain,
The sordid daily tasks we ply—
Have gone at last; for rest we sigh,
And leisure comes with urgent call;
Anxious to make the best reply,
It ends in Margate after all.

There, nothing goes against the grain;
White cliffs set off the deep blue sky,
Brisk breezes renovate the brain—
Give appetites to satisfy.
And thus the lazy hours go by—
Day after day they idly crawl,
Till, spent with holiday, we cry:
It ends, in Margate, after all.

Envoy.

We grasp at gaudy joys—ah, why?
Since over-weening pride shall fall;
The aspiration may be high,
It ends in—Margate, after all.

FROM WINE CELLAR TO BOOK SELLER.

MESSES. PORPHYRY, PATCH & Co., having the hospitality of Mr. *Punch's* columns offered to them, beg to announce that, as the result of long and exhaustive researches into the organic chemistry of the artistic temperament, they are now in a position to supply novelists, authors, politicians, and publicists of all schools, shades and parties, with the necessary stimulants for evoking the desired atmosphere, imparting the needed tinge of actuality (*in vino veritas*), and so effectually counteracting that tired feeling in the reader or auditor which so seriously impairs the force of the writer's or speaker's appeal. To authors commencing they would especially recommend the following brands, which can be supplied in barrels, bottles, half-bottles, and "nips":—

Château Gaillard (fine old crusted). This luscious and full-bodied vintage, including guaranteed cobwebs and Renaissance beeswing, is offered at the sacrificial price of . . . 18s. a dozen.

Château Blondel, a velvety wine with an astonishing bouquet, recalling the

delicious Gladstone clarets of thirty years ago. In flagons with screw stoppers . . . 12s. a dozen.

CALEDONIAN CHAMPAGNE.

No. 1. Dry (Kirriemuir Brand) . 36s.
" 2. Sweet (Veuve Crockett) . 24s.
" 3. Light (Briar Bush Brand) 18s.

Rev. CLAUDIUS DREAR writes:—"I drink them all with impunity at all hours of the day and night. There isn't a headache in a hogshead of the Briar Bush Champagne."

BROWNE SHERRY (Crichton Brand).—A fiery Browne sherry, rich in stimulating qualities, and invaluable in sustaining the temperature during controversial crises. . . . 30s. per dozen.

The Editor of the *Contemporary Review* writes:—"I take it in my bath night and morning."

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., writes:—"I find it the best possible preparation for ragging BRODDER."

DRY MARCELLA.—A singularly pure and well-matured wine, supplied direct from the growers. . . 28s. per dozen.

MISS ANNIE S. SWAN writes:—"Please send me another puncheon of Marcella. The effect on the circulation of the *Woman at Home* is wonderful."

CALIFORNIAN BURGUNDY.—An opulent and exhilarating vintage wine, reminiscent of the florid festivities of the Dons in the roaring "forties."

LIQUEURS.

Crème de Manx. (As supplied to Mr. HALL CAINE.)

Marieschino. (As supplied to Mr. SIDNEY LEE.)

Helpful Hints to Housewives.

To prevent flannel from shrinking, put it away in a drawer. Do not keep on going to look at it, as the shrinking habit is often due to nervousness.

As soon as a skirt shows signs of wear round the pocket, remove the pocket. You will, in time, get used to the change, and be brighter without it. Another good plan is to remove the skirt.

To try if eggs are fresh, drop them into a deep bucket of pure water. If fresh, they will at once sink to the bottom and break.

Warts may be cured by rubbing them for seven or eight hours a day with a piece of pumice-stone. As often as the pumice-stone is worn away, begin again with a fresh piece.

MOTTO FOR FISCAL INQUIRERS (FAIR SEX).—*Mens sana in corpore sano*; or, An open mind in an open-work bodice.



Bernard Partridge.

"THERE WAS AN OLD WOMAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE."



POSTAL REFORM.

MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN is considering the reform of various branches of the postal service. It is rumoured that the following schemes have been submitted for his consideration :—

(1) *Agricultural Parcel Post.*—Owing to agricultural depression our farmers cannot afford to hire men to drive their beasts to market. It is suggested that the lightly-worked rural postman be employed for this work. A graduated scale of charges would be necessary :—bulls, 2s. 6d., cows, 1s., pigs, 3s. 6d., and goats, 5s. Stamps would be purchased and affixed to the beasts by the senders. Any beast dying in transit, or licking or otherwise destroying its stamps, would be charged for at the ordinary rate of 1d. for every four ounces. In the case of ferocious beasts a registration fee of 4d., payable in advance, would be required.

(2) *Blacklisters' Post.*—Any lady or gentleman who has spent the evening in genial society and finds her- (or him-) self unable to return home may call at a post office, and on filling up a form stating name, age, weight, and quantity of alcoholic refreshment consumed during the last twelve hours, and affixing to the said form a sixpenny stamp, will be conducted home by a telegraph messenger. All persons assaulting messengers will be charged double postage. If the postee should become incapable of walking, the messenger will be authorised to convey him home by cab, but in such a case, the ordinary letter fee of 1d. for four ounces will be charged. It is believed that this post will not only be a public convenience, but that the alcoholic statistics gathered by its means will prove of immense value.

(3) *Authors' Post.*—In consideration of the impecuniosity of this important class the Postmaster-General is about to order that all manuscripts rejected by editors pass through the post free. Mr. HENNIKER HEATON calculates that this will cause a deficiency in the postal revenue of about a million per annum, from which interesting fact we may gather that each man, woman and child in the United Kingdom has on the average six manuscripts rejected yearly.

(4) *Algernon Ashton Post.*—On account of Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON's great services in the noble cause of tomb renovation it is suggested that all letters addressed by him to editors and endorsed on the envelope "Tomb" should pass through the post free. This will merely cost the nation the bagatelle of £100 a year.

(5) *Organ-Grinder's Pillar Box.*—The Postmaster-General has under consideration a scheme by which all organ-



It is necessary in some parts of Ireland for carmen to have their names legibly written on the tailboard of the car.

*Inspector. "WHAT'S THE MEANIN' OF THIS, PAT? YOUR NAME'S O-BLITERATED."
Pat. "YE LIE—IT'S O'BRIEN!"*

grinders will be compelled to carry a letter-box affixed to their instrument. By this means an instrument of torture will be converted into one of public utility. It is believed that with a little training the monkeys could be taught to make a house-to-house collection. If successful the scheme may be extended to ice-cream barrows.

(6) *Anonymous Letter Post.*—As the Postmaster-General understands that the writers of anonymous letters suffer because they are unable to see the agony of the recipient, he has formulated a scheme which will obviate this difficulty. On payment of an extra fee of 6d. the postman will be instructed to deliver the letter only into the hands of the addressee and to wait till he opens it. He will then note on a official form any contortions of counten-

ance, profane expressions or other interesting circumstances. This form will in due course be forwarded to the sender of the letter.

(7) *Suppression Department.*—The most important reform will, however, involve the creation of a new department. Certain members of the community have laid before the Postmaster-General a considerable grievance. Their correspondence consists entirely of bills, solicitors' letters, county-court summonses, admonitory letters from relatives, and other objectionable matter. The new department will solve this difficulty. On payment of a fee of 5s. at any post office, any person may be placed on the Postal Black List. All postal communications received for him will be destroyed at the Post Office unopened.

ACTOR JAMES.

(A Ballad.)

[SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM stated that, as regards a West-End theatre, once an actor was engaged for a piece, the engagement was for the run of the piece.

The Judge. It is perfectly clear that the only way to get rid of an actor if you do not like him is to shoot him.—*Extract from Theatrical Case.*]

THE deeds of Histrion PYM

(JAMES was his Christian name)

The bard proceeds to hymn.

Draw profit from the same.

JAMES did as well as an actor can
In the arduous rôle of a "first young man."
His form was graceful, his step was light,
His hair was auburn, his eye was bright,
His voice expressive, his laughter free:
He played in musical comedy.

He persevered with his song and jest,
Year after year without a rest,
Now with a fond or facetious glance,
Or an epigram or a lively dance,
Till he happened to set the town awlirl
With his *Captain Smythe* in *The Chorus Girl*.

Years rolled by: he was thirty-one
On the opening night of the piece's run;
Older every year he grew
(As, alas! we mortals so often do);
Stout and gouty, he lost his charm.
The Manager marked it with much alarm.

"'Tis long," quoth he, "since the run began;
We must look for another 'first young man.'
Captain Smythe should be tall and slim,
Tender and slender—well, look at *him*!
Months have flitted and years have flown:
He's two-and-sixty—and eighteen stone!"

"Nay, good Sir," replied Actor JAMES,
"These be illegal little games.
Engaged at the start of the piece's run,
I must play the part till the piece is done:
That (I quote my lawyer's advice) is
The rule that guides in this pattern of crisis."

Dark as night grew the Manager's brow:
"Foiled!" he hissed. "You may triumph now,
But mark me, minion, a time will come,
And then——" he departed, looking glum,
Till a great idea through his mind there flames:
"Happy thought! I'll assassinate JAMES."

He called to him ruffians, black of soul,
Fit to be cast for so dark a rôle:
"Murder me Actor JAMES," said he,
"And a thumping tip shall your guerdon be:
Drop me a line when his course is run."
And the black-souled ruffians muttered, "Done!"

"Prompt despatch is our aim and boast:
We'll send him poison by every post:
We'll speedily fill him with well-aimed lead,
And daily with sand-bags ply his head.
And if by chance we should fail with these,
We'll drive at his ribs with our snickersnees."

"Good," said the Manager. "Ah, but stay,
There may, perhaps, be another way:
I'm loth except as a last resource
To use (if only by proxy) force.

Kindly postpone your fell design
Till I've sought advice from a friend of mine."

Off he hurried without delay,
Called on his friend that very day.
"Well," said the friend, "from what I see,
The case is simple, it seems to me.
At the end of the run his claim will cease;
What I suggest is—withdraw the piece."

"Withdraw the piece!" he cried (in tears);
"Why, it's only been running some thirty years.
And the life of a musical comedee
(At least of those produced by me)
Is half a century, if a day."
"Withdraw," said the friend; "it's the only way."

So another and fresher piece began,
With another and fresher "first young man."
And JAMES retired to private life,
Safe from the sand-bag, gun, and knife,
And lives with his spouse (perhaps you've met 'em?)
At Sandringham, Frogmore Crescent, Streatham.

OPERA NOTES.

Monday, July 20.—"CALVÉ first and the rest nowhere"—or rather, to be accurate, M. SEVEILHAC "a good second." Such is our summary of M. MISSA's new opera in one act produced on Monday night, within measurable distance of the end of the season. It is over—"Ite Missa est."

The libretto of the opera to which M. MISSA has composed the music is by M. MICHEL CARRÉ, who would no doubt have preferred writing a more important and more remunerative work, but that difficulty, if existent, has been overcome, and CARRÉ has been successfully "squared."

The opera, both as to plot and music, is reminiscent; we are inclined to welcome it on account of its suggesting relationship to some not very old but very familiar friends. *Maguelone* is not unlike *Nedda*, and bears some resemblance to *Carmen*, with a *mélange* of the tragic *Santuzza*; while, in the dramatically tragic situation, *Cabride* is as the libertine *Scarpia* to *Maguelone's La Tosca*. It seems to have been an attempt, on the part of the librettist, to give us in the space of one hour the quintessence of a BERNHARDT-CALVÉ mixture. Pity that the librettist had not taken a leaf out of the immortal *Box and Cox* and introduced a third character, who might have been "heard off" with a serenade, to whom the heroine might have been ultimately united, as was *Penelope Anne* to *Mr. Knox*, thus leaving *Box (Cabride)* and *Cox (Castelan)* to live happily ever afterwards, free to marry whomsoever each, individually, pleased.

Miss Maguelone takes upon herself the stabbing of *Cabride*, and so saves her lover, who is really the assassin, from immediate arrest. But is *Castelan* really dead? Badly wounded he may be, but, in the absence of medical evidence, not fatally. Over the married future of *Maggie* and *Cabbie* must hang a heavy cloud. Let librettist and composer withdraw this opera as it is, and set to work to complete it in three Acts. More hints will not be here given, unless the generous donor of them be included in the beneficial results. CALVÉ was all that we have ever seen her, with three clear and much appreciated repetitions of "Sister-Mary-Jane's-top-note." SALIGNAC showed that he could act up to a strong situation.

M. SEVEILHAC was excellent as *Scarpia-Cabride*, and there were some light passages in the music worth more than the heavier ones, which it is not improbable that not a few experienced hands at dramatic "mélodrames" would have invented and scored with facility, and with equal effect. As the whole story has for its heroine *Maguelone*, a village

blanchisseuse and getter-up of fine linen, it might perhaps have had a second title and been styled, *Maguelone*; or, *the Irony of Fate*.

But by the time this appears the opera season will be over. If not a brilliant one, illuminated by newly-discovered stars, it must surely have been eminently satisfactory, including, as it did, the gala night given in honour of President LOUBET, and having been started with Royal and popular support. The energetic Syndicate, as also M. ANDRÉ MESSAGER, and the Secretary and first-rate Business Manager, *décoré* and Royally complimented, Mr. NEIL FORSYTH, must all be satisfied with the result of the season, and will determine, as did Mr. Sam Weller when complimented upon his little joke, "to try a better one next time." Let them go into training to reduce the "waits"; and, granting always the necessary WAGNER, let us see some old friends with new faces.

COBDEN HALL.

(An Adaptation by the Right Hon. J-s-ph Ch-mb-r-I-n.)

COMRADES, stand aside a little, groups are somewhat overworn, Stand aside; from quite a distance you may hear me blow my horn.

'Tis the spot, and all around it once again the people brawl, Shouting economic catchwords suitable to Cobden Hall.

Cobden Hall, whose banner blazoned with its motto "All for each"

Flutters on a gale of grievance raised by speculative speech.

Many a time beneath its roof-tree in my unregenerate days Have I cheered the People's Tribune mouthing some sonorous phrase.

Many a time before its Lares I myself have humbly knelt, Ere I learned the wider worship, on the illimitable veldt.

In an Empire we who travel cannot always think the same; In an Empire old Protection gets itself another name;

In an Empire facts are even more factitious than they seem, Sentiment and science mingling in a grand ecstatic dream.

Then I saw its Trade restricted to the limits of the Free, And the eyes of all men dumbly fixed on statesmen, chiefly me.

And I said, "My brother Britons, hear the message of the South,

Trust me with your future wholly, tight shut eyes and open mouth."

O my country, chicken-hearted, can it be you fear to leap, Clinging with a dull persistence to the miserably cheap?

Probe (or beg) with me the question of the blessings sure to spring

From the principle of paying rather more for everything.

Grasp a new idea of barter, miracles of magic sales, Sprats of preferential tariffs catching economic whales:

Till the greater cost of living bring to labour higher wage, Clearly cheapening production somewhere in the golden age.

Hark! my puzzled comrades, poring o'er their lately garnered hoard

Of appropriate statistics, call me to the Council board.

What to me are dull RICARDO, STUART MILL, or ADAM SMITH? Good enough for PEEL, but wasted on a man of any pith.

Yet, athwart the note triumphant of my loudest clarion call, Shrilly, from an Upper Chamber builded over Cobden Hall,

Comes a sound of banshee wailing, notifying present death—Is it to the brand-new gospel, or the mouldy shibboleth?

Let it be to what it will, and let who fears it shirk the brunt, For a gorgeous fight is coming, and I'm in the very front.



Wife (in her latest dress from Paris). "HARRY, WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A 'GOWN' AND A 'CREATION'?"
Harry. "I CAN'T GIVE THE EXACT FIGURES, BUT IT'S A SMALL FORTUNE!"

THE QUEST OF THE GOLDEN FLEA-CE.

ACCORDING to the *Express* of July 23, the Hon. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD has offered a reward of £1,000 for a specimen of the Arctic fox flea to add to his collection. He has also fitted out a full-sized expedition in the whaler *Forget-me-not*, and a gallant flea-hunting party is now well on the way to Polar regions.

This piece of news has caused the liveliest interest in Flea Society. The fact that so high a value has been set upon the person of one of the fraternity has induced an upward tendency all round. A really appreciative admirer has at last come forward, and the head of every *pulex irritans* in London has been turned—in the direction of the North Pole. There is not a common or household flea in the county which is not ready to burst with extravasated importance. They are all putting on frills and cultivating an Arctic demeanour of frigidity and *hauteur*. They no longer jump at the ordinary collector, but will only look at a millionaire or a furrier—in fact, the establishments of the latter have become so popular in Flea circles that the term "furore" has received a new application.

Meanwhile the Arctic fox flea *pur sang* bides his time, and laughs at the frantic efforts of his *parvenu* congeners. Each year he grows more valuable than the Great Auk's egg, and he accordingly makes himself scarce. He is already worth considerably more than his weight in radium, and the discovery of a mere North Pole would rank as nothing beside his triumphant capture. Let us then wish all success to the dauntless crew of the *Forget-me-not*. We hope they will not give up or scratch ere the search attain its object. All England is itching for news of this new Polar Argosy.

MUSIC BY MACHINERY.

THE mechanical piano-player is merely the forerunner of the automatic violinist and the automobile orchestra. The engineer critic will follow as a matter of necessity, when we may expect something like the following to represent the future form of musical commentary:—

On Monday last the new Tompkins Turbine Autorchestra made a trial run at the Albert Musical Garage, BEETHOVEN'S *Pastoral Symphony* being scheduled. We certainly should say that the Tompkins Works has turned out a good thing; well put together, and generally ship-shape in appearance. Tested for volume on the autometer she came out several Sousa units above the Binks Motor Band, using the same coal, electric and water supply. The new resinless V. bands to all the string fittings are likely to prove a boon. It is also an excellent idea to couple the electro-flutes in parallel instead of in series, and if the system could only be adapted to all drum-and-fife bands an immense saving in playing "*The British Grenadiers*" might be effected.

If we may say so, the drums of the Autorchestra seemed on Monday to get a little out of hand. This, naturally, resulted in overheating, which was transmitted to the adjacent trombones, causing them to run something like 3/16ths of an inch sharp. They consequently made speed, and ran rather badly into the piano violin passage in the second movement, the impact being distinctly felt. The emergency brakes were immediately tried, but the lubrication was evidently defective, and a series of shrill sounds (at a pressure of about 200 lbs. to the square inch) were emitted. It may be mentioned that at the time an impression prevailed in the house that these sounds represented some interpolated porcine effects; but we need not say that the high respectability of the Tompkins Works places any idea of tampering with the specification of the *Pastoral Symphony* out of the question.

In the rendering of the final movement one or two points called for remark: the throttles of the trombones had evidently become fouled in addition to their running sharp, and the need of a larger exhaust for the euphonium was clearly demonstrated in the front row of the fauteuils, where six ladies and a child fainted. We also consider that a more effective escape for the bassoons should be fitted. Upon the whole, however, the Tompkins Turbine Autorchestra worked well, and at the close of the run the chief engineer was cheered, and the stokers were called with loud cries of "Speech!" The works manager, who came forward, said

that the stokers were not in the house, but that he would gladly convey to them the news of the success of their endeavours.

SHATTERED DREAMS.

[The *British Medical Journal* says that men of genius are never happy in their married lives.]

I THOUGHT, dear DORIS, we should be
Extremely happy if we married;
I deemed that you were made for me,
But oh! I'm thankful now we tarried.
Had we been wedded last July
(I caught the measles, so we waited)
We'd now be wretched, you and I;
A genius always is ill-fated.

We might have lived without a hitch
Till one or both of us were "taken,"
And even won the Dunmow flitch
Of appetising breakfast bacon;
We might have passed our married life
In quite a Joan and Darby fashion,
Free from the slightest taint of strife,—
Had I not written "Songs of Passion."

Ah me, that book! The truth will out;
Genius is rampant in each sonnet;
Consult, if you're inclined to doubt,
The verdict of the Press upon it.
The *Pigbury Patriot* calls them "staves
Which we feel justified in praising;"
The *Mudford Daily Argus* raves;
The *Sloshly Clarion* says "Amazing!"

So, DORIS, it can never be:
I trust the tidings won't upset you;
Reluctantly I set you free,
Though ne'er, I vow, will I forget
you.
Some other man your hand may win;
I'll strive to bear it with composure;
Your letters you will find within;
Yours truly,
EDWIN JONES. (Enclosure.)

THE BART'S PROGRESS;

OR, LIPTON DAY BY DAY.

July 1.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON arrives in New York to superintend preliminaries to the Yacht Race. Torchlight procession of Baconians, headed by Mrs. GALLUP. Battle of flowers. Sir THOMAS injured by a tea-rose.

July 2.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON wins walking race from Wall Street to Washington. Dines and sleeps at the White House, which he paints red.

July 3.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON, wearied by the race, does not rise till 6.45 A.M. On returning to New York he receives deputations of Welsh well-wishers at the Waldorf Astoria. *Shamrock III.* springs a leak.

July 4.—A full day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON adjudicates as umpire in the

walking race of waitresses in the American Tea Table Company. In the afternoon he kicks off in a baseball match, and in the evening saves a valuable life.

July 5.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON drives the cowcatcher to Chicago, where he lays the foundation stone of a library presented by Mr. CARNEGIE for the use of the widows of improvident pigstickers. Returning home he encounters a Sow-wester.

July 6.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON saves the life of a Tammany Boss, and stands godfather to the triplets of a bargee's wife. *Shamrock III.* rammed by a Canadian canoe.

July 7.—A quiet day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON merely saves life.

July 8.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON comes to the rescue of the Shipping Trust, dines with Mr. STUYVESANT FISH, and learns how to pronounce Mr. SCHWAB's name. *Shamrock III.* gets her bowsprit entangled with the rudder.

July 9.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON resting. *Shamrock III.* sinks.

July 10.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON receives sympathetic cables from the Ancient Order of Buffaloes, Mr. ALGERNON ASHTON, and Madame TUSSAUD. Complimentary dinner at Delmonico's. *Shamrock III.* bobs up.

July 11.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON much distressed by rumour that the Widows' Library foundation stone has been lifted. Wires to Chicago that the lifter must be secured at any cost to be made skipper of *Shamrock III.*

July 12.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON's telegram very popular in America. He is asked to preside at a congress of shop-lifters. *Shamrock III.* develops a bad list to port.

July 13.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON preaches in the Boston City Temple, and is kissed by twenty ladies in the congregation. The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL sails for England.

July 14.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON pays a visit to the wings of the Broadway Theatre. *Shamrock III.*'s Plimsoll mark submerged.

July 15.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON invents a new skirt for yachtswomen, and gives his name to a new March by SOUSA. *Shamrock III.* lifted in the night.

July 16.—Sir THOMAS LIPTON cables for SHERLOCK HOLMES. New York Police drag the Erie Canal. PINKERTON has a clue and starts for Mazawattee.

July 17.—*Shamrock III.* found in dry dock. Sir THOMAS LIPTON gives a champagne lunch on the *Erin*, and receives cable of congratulation from the German EMPEROR. Preliminaries to race concluded.

THE COMING SAGA.

[Mr. HALL CAINE has confessed that his next novel will deal with life and customs in Iceland, and he is going there for six months to study the region and get the local colour.—*Morning Leader*.]

FROM that far land of ice and snow,
The chill wind of the North
Comes freighted with the Call, and lo!
The Boomster fareth forth.
Th' Eternal City, left behind,
Suits not his present plan;
The proper study of mankind
Is now no longer "Man."

He sees the Northern Lights flash out
Along the midnight sky;
For him the giddy geysers spout
Their boiling springs on high;
O'er mountain, berg, and ice-bound
strand
His ardent course he takes,
In quest of local colour and
The fam'd Icelandic snakes.

Though other things he will not miss,
Those mentioned are enough
To suit the purposes of this
Preliminary puff;
Others will follow, for we know
A chance will not be lost
To save this Saga of the Snow
From turning out a "frost."

WHAT WE HAVE LOST.

["Mr. JESSOP at one time had thoughts of entering the Church."—*The Sketch*.]

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN was within an ace of becoming a landscape gardener. It was only in consequence of a round robin signed by all the Fellows of the Horticultural Society that he finally decided to emulate PINDAR.

MR. PIERPONT MORGAN was only dissuaded by the advice of Mr. CARNEGIE from adopting the habit of a Franciscan Friar.

MR. J. M. BARRIE for a long time was unable to decide between the rival attractions of literature and the tobacco trade. It is supposed that he solved the question by tossing up.

MR. BRODRICK, on leaving Oxford, was greatly taken with the idea of becoming a missionary in Ashanti, and was with difficulty restrained from repairing alone and unarmed to the Court of King PREMPEH.

LORD ROSSLYN was at one time much impressed by the advantages of a political life. It was only in deference to a unanimous vote of the House of Lords that he resolved to go on the stage.

DR. W. G. GRACE about the year 1870 became so deeply interested in the study of Cuneiform inscriptions that on one occasion he did not touch a bat for forty-eight hours. The open-air treat-



GOODWOOD ANTICIPATIONS.

Charitable Lady. "I GAVE YOUR FATHER THE MONEY TO BUY YOU A COAT LAST WEEK. I SEE YOU'RE NOT WEARING IT."

Boy. "No, MUM, 'E PUT IT ON A 'ORSE."

Lady. "ON A HORSE! BUT HE SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF YOUR COMFORT BEFORE THAT OF AN ANIMAL!"

ment, however, proved entirely efficacious, and he has never suffered from a recurrence of the malady.

The Duke of DEVONSHIRE, shortly before attaining his majority, was fired with the ambition to compete in the Hundred Yards race at the Amateur Athletic Championship meeting. A severe attack of insomnia prevented him from carrying out his intention, which still remains unrealised.

It was the burning desire of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS' youth to be a lion-tamer in a circus. A prolonged residence amongst the cow-punchers of Colorado diverted his energies into other chan-

nels, but he still may often be observed wistfully gazing into the cage of the king of beasts at the Zoo on a Sunday afternoon.

It is commonly reported in Folkestone that Mr. H. G. WELLS, as a mere boy, enlisted in the Guards, but was bought out shortly afterwards by the Council of the Aeronautical Society.

A DRAMATIC version of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has been prepared for early production at a West-End theatre. It is to be entitled *The Bell of Printing-House Square*.



A CRISIS.

His Better and Stouter Half. "OH, CHARLEY, IF WE'RE UPSET, YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU EXPECT ME TO GET INTO THIS?"

[Horror-stricken husband has no answer ready.]

LAUS PECUNIE.

Is it by chance, I wonder, or design
 (In either case the thing's extremely funny)
 That though they rave of Woman and of Wine,
 Poets but seldom speak a word for Money?
 To CHLOE's praise old HORACE tuned his lyre,
 Yet somehow never managed with the same ease
 To hymn the object of that pure desire
 Libelled by VIRGIL "*auri sacra fames*."
 Now poets are no theme for saucy japes,
 And should be scanned with scrupulously fair eye:
 Yet oft I marvel why they sneer at grapes
 That look so free from "*aliquid amari*."
 Woman's a mutable and various thing,
 And Frailty's of the feminine declension,
 And claret goes, whatever poets sing,
 Despite the most assiduous attention;
 But Money cannot wither or decay:
 It knows no ravages of phylloxera,
 Nor changes its affections day by day
 Like fickle LAIAGE or coy NEERA.

Though "Man's ingratitude" your ardour damps,
 And DAPHNE frowns on you with glances chilling,
 The usual amount of penny stamps
 Will always be forthcoming for a shilling.

Ah! who can contemplate without a sigh
 The Fiver, with its pattern chastely dædal?
 Can Tempe or the vales of Hæmus vie
 With thy romantic street, superb Threadneedle?

Can they, like money, make me blithe and gay
 As ARISTOPHANES, or MR. LENO,
 And keep my cellar stocked for many a day
 With '20 port and choicest maraschino?

Could they afford me what I covet most
 ('Tis gold that wins the fair, too well I know it)—
 To put this wedding in the *Morning Post*—
 "To CLARA VERE DE VERE, J. JUGGINS, Poet"?

"RUBBER CONCESSIONS IN UGANDA" were recently publicly announced. A new and revised edition of *Hoyle's Whist* may shortly be expected.

"I HATE blacks on my face," as the lady said to the Parsee student who attempted to kiss her.



A NEW TRICK.

(Rough on the Tiger.)

RIGHT HON. TRAINER B-L-F-R (*rehearsing his Money-raising Act*). "NOW THEN! COME UP, STRIPES!"
(*Aside*) "DAREN'T ASK THE KANGAROO!"



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.
House of Commons, Monday, July 20.
—PRETYMAN never so disappointed in



THE AJAX OF THE ADMIRALTY DEFEYING THE
LIGHTNING

—under the "Ten Minutes' Rule."
(Captain Pr-t-m-n.)

his life. As Civil Lord of the Admiralty introduction of a Government Bill not much in his way. Opportunity to-night provided by one designed to reorganise administration of Patriotic Fund. New Civil Lord, determined to justify choice of PRIME MINISTER, would rise to full height of occasion. Bill introduced under what is known as Ten Minutes' Rule, so-called because it does not mention ten minutes. Understanding is that "after brief explanatory statement" by the Minister, followed by equally curt criticism by private Member, leave to introduce Bill shall be given. What is brief explanatory statement?

PRETYMAN proceeded to explain: Patriotic Fund naturally affords scope for interesting historic remarks. Established nearly fifty years ago, coincidental with Crimean War, a slight sketch of that memorable campaign sure to interest the House. Then there was a committee appointed under the chairmanship of Lord Justice HENN COLLINS with instructions to inquire into the whole subject. Lord Justice HENN

COLLINS, Mr. PRETYMAN permitted himself to observe, is now Master of the Rolls. The Mastership of the Rolls is a judicial position of great antiquity and some emolument. A brief epitome of its functions as bearing on the administration of the Patriotic Fund would perhaps be interesting to the House.

But before approaching it Mr. PRETYMAN would like to say a few words on the valuable property at Clapham owned by the trustees of the Fund. Clapham is a suburb of London, at one time favoured as a residence by a body of fellow-worshippers who, to put the matter briefly, were known by the topographical designation of the locality where the property of the Patriotic Fund already alluded to—which includes some desirable residential sites—is situated. The House would probably remember that among the Clapham sect Lord MACAULAY's father—he was at the time plain Mr. MACAULAY, his merits literary and oratorical not yet rewarded with a peerage—Lord MACAULAY's father—

Here the SPEAKER, who had been moving uneasily in the Chair, rose with dangerously bland inquiry, "Is the hon. gentleman introducing this Bill under the Ten Minutes' Rule?"

The Lord of the Admiralty Civilly replied that he was not aware of any rule of Ten Minutes. Starting off again he embarked upon what promised to be an informing contrast and comparison between the Admiralty and the War Office. CAP'TEN TOMMY BOWLES, bringing out of his fob a huge chronometer, rapping it smartly on the back of the Treasury Bench, and ostentatiously examining its face, murmured "Awast." The injunction, urged in more parliamentary language, was taken up from



WALKING INTO JOE.

An impression of Sir Edw-rd Gr-y talking
down at Mr. Ch-m-b-l-r-n.

the opposite benches, and, amid a murmur that might have been applause but wasn't, PRETYMAN sat down, having got no further than Clapham in explanation of his Bill.

SARK remembers an analogous case



"MARLBROOK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE."

(Or at any rate he joins the Ministry.)

(The Duke of M-rlb-r-gh.)

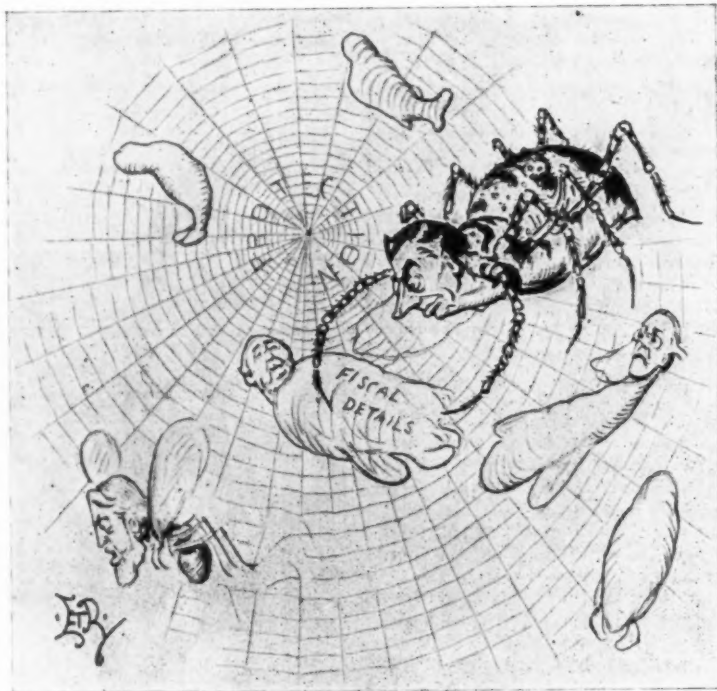
when CHAPLIN still helped to administer the affairs of an Empire on parts of which the sun does not always visibly rise. Also introducing a Bill under this mystical Ten Minutes' Rule he had not got further than his fourthly when murmurs filled the House, and a friendly colleague literally pulled him back on to the Treasury Bench by the recalcitrant coat-tail.

Business done.—Mr. PRETYMAN rises to explain. Sits down without having done so.

House of Lords, Tuesday.—Motor Bill in Committee. Young WEMYSS retired in disgust. For three-quarters of a century convinced country going to the dogs; now perceives pace accelerated by incursion of motor cars. Though at the time even younger than he is at this day, never forgets what Queen ANNE (now deceased) said in his hearing:

"For any respectable woman a sedan chair meets every requirement of convenience and speed."

In our time, as the Young Fellow says, women get themselves up in goggles, veils, and mannish cloaks, and go forth at the rate of thirty miles an hour to run over fellow-women and



THE TARIFF-SPIDER AT WORK IN HIS WEB.

"The mouth of the Spider is a tremendous piece of machinery . . . When the Spider bites, a venomous fluid of great potency is instilled into the wound inflicted . . . One peculiar characteristic of the Spider is the possession of a spinning apparatus whereby the threads composing its web are manufactured; the apparatus employed for this purpose is situated at . . . (Birmingham?) . . . In the Spider we find one great central brain whence nerves radiate to all parts of the body . . . Spiders change their skins several times, there is no change of form . . . When any large insect is caught the Spider quickly gives it a revolving movement and envelopes its prey in a case resembling the cocoon."

children, stray dogs and the unwary product of the dairy farm.

Some interesting personal testimony borne to excitement, more or less agreeable, of the motor-car travelling. Only this morning, Lord SPENCER's footman appalled by eccentric conduct on part of one of the vehicles. Without ringing a bell or saying "by your leave," it backed up three steps and bombarded the front door. A few days earlier, the noble Earl, returning home in his humble brougham, discovered the road blocked by a motor-car that had backed against the kerbstone and there remained obstinately stationary. On advancing to see if he could afford any assistance to the belated traveller, he discovered in him a distinguished Member of His Majesty's Government. Pursuing inquiry into our fiscal system he had got no further than the kerbstone, and it would be absolutely impossible for the PREMIER to answer questions addressed him on the subject of "the Inquiry" at the evening sitting of the Commons.

Lord ONSLOW's continental experience

even more thrilling. Desiring to make himself personally acquainted with the working of the agricultural system in France, the President of the Board of Agriculture, shortly after his appointment, visited the country, hired a motor-car driven by paragon of *chauffeur*. Hadn't gone more than a mile before the Paragon, passing a vehicle on the wrong side, dashed into a loaded wagon. President of Board of Agriculture, escaping with his life, had to forfeit fortnight's salary in payment of compensation.

Next day Paragon up bright and early, set off at nice pace; no vehicles in sight, but Paragon not to be baulked.

"Hallo, here's a church," said Mr. Wemmick, walking out one morning with Miss Skiffins. "Let's go in and get married."

"Hallo! here's a ditch" (*Tiens! voilà un fossé*), said Paragon. "Let's dash into it."

And he did.

Earl escaped with a few bruises and some mud. But bang went another

fortnight's salary; so President of Board of Agriculture returned to Richmond Terrace by boat and train.

Business done.—Motor Bill passed through Committee.

House of Commons, Friday night.—Curious condition of affairs reigns at Westminster just now. One topic engrosses attention to exclusion of all others. Oddly enough it is the one subject tabooed. At Question time ingenuity of Members opposite Treasury Bench exercised in effort to evade prohibition. PRINCE ARTHUR will have none of it. Has, in curious fashion, made the matter a personal one. In good society the rule is strictly observed never to mention hemp in the hearing of a gentleman whose father was hung. Less courtly in manner, the Opposition daily, in presence of PRINCE ARTHUR, allude to the Inquiry, well knowing the mere mention of it drives the blood to his head.

All very well for DON JOSÉ to have pointedly, publicly invited "eager discussion" of the matter. Well, too, for COUNTY GUY in another place, questioned on the subject, to give matter-of-fact answer. Early in the course of events PRINCE ARTHUR, placed in awkward position through no fault of his own, hit upon the strange device of declining to give any information. To this he sticks with irritable punctiliousness. The moment the subject is mentioned his whole attitude and manner suffer sea change. One moment smiling, *debonair*, the next he is sour-tempered, his very voice taking on unwonted accent of acerbity.

Haughty with C.-B., frowning on Mr. BLACK, almost malignant with Mr. MAXFIELD, he finds his temper uncontrollable when poor Mr. WEIR blunders on to the scene. Member for Ross and Cromarty, momentarily turning his attention aside from the needs of the crofters, asked if thought had been taken of the sad lot of persons employed by the Government. Don José has generously promised a rise of wages all round to compensate for increased expenditure on food resulting from Preferential Tariffs. Mr. WEIR wants to know how this will affect the hundreds of thousands who labour in the many vineyards of the State. Will postmen, dock labourers, clerks in Government offices, get higher wages?

"I admire the thirst of the hon. gentleman for information," said PRINCE ARTHUR, glaring on the hapless WEIR. "He really wishes to have every subject in which he is interested hitched on to the Inquiry. I do not think that would be an expedient course."

Here PRINCE ARTHUR sat down. Had he concluded by the observation, "Off



SOLAR STUDIES IN THE HONEYMOON.

She (reading a scientific work). "Isn't it wonderful, Charley dear, that the SUN is supposed to be MILLIONS OF MILES AWAY!"
Charley Dear (suffering from the heat). "MILLIONS OF MILES, DARLING? GOOD THING FOR ALL OF US THAT IT ISN'T ANY NEARER."

with his head!" it would have been regarded as appropriate to the tone of his reply.

It partly pains, altogether terrifies me. Sad to see a naturally sweet temper thus grown rusty.

"What an innocent babe you are!" SARK exclaimed, regarding me with admiring affection. "You don't do justice to PRINCE ARTHUR's cleverness. Look again at the question and answer. The former, though WEIR put it, is really a nasty one. Goes awkwardly to root of question. Hard to answer even by master of fence. PRINCE ARTHUR doesn't attempt to answer it at all. He sweeps WEIR aside with angry gesture. Same in varied degree with other awkward points raised by eager questioners. PRINCE ARTHUR's neither so angry as he looks, nor so foolish as some critics are accustomed to regard his new Ministerial manner."

Business done.—Military Works Bill read a second time.

A BALLAD OF BUTTONRY.

Clothes and the Man I sing. Reformers, note
This of the Subaltern who owned a Coat.
He was what veterans miscall, for short,
By that objectionable term, a wart : *
The Coat an item of the "sealed" attire
Wrung from his helpless but reluctant sire ;
Also the tails were long ; and, for the pride
Thereof, great buttons on the after-side
Illumed the wake : majestic orbs, which bore
The bossy symbol of his future corps.
The youth, ere sailing for a distant land,
Did, in the interval, receive command
To "undergo" a Course, and there imbibe
Knowledge of pith and moment to his tribe.
Thither he sped, and on the opening day
Rose, and empanoplied in brave array
Of martial-flowing skirt, and with great craft
And pomp of blazoned buttonry abaft,
Won to the mess, and preened his fledgling plumes
Both in the breakfast- and the ante-rooms.
Awhile he moved in rapture, and awhile
Thrilled in the old, inevitable style
To that stern joy which youthful warriors feel
In wearing garments worthy of their zeal ;
Then came the seneschal upon the scenes,
And knocked his infant pride to smithereens.
For out, alack ! the Fathers of the mess
Most strictly banned that article of dress,
Being by sad experience led to find
Disaster in the buttonry behind,
Which tore and scratched the leather-cushioned chairs,
And cost a perfect fortune in repairs !
It was a crushing blow. That Subaltern
Discovered that he had a lot to learn ;
Removed his Coat, and, weeping, laid it in
Its long sarcophagus of beaten tin :
Buried it deep, and drew it thence no more ;
Finished his Course, and sought an alien shore.

* So runs the tale. I have it from the youth
Himself, and I suppose he tells the truth.
(The words alone are mine ; I need but hint
That his were too emotional for print.)
And as in India, though the chairs are hard,
His Coat—delicious irony—is barred ;
Being designed for cooler zones, and not
For one inadequately known as "hot ;"

* A last-joined young officer.—*Military definitions.*



"FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS."—*Hamlet.*

And, furthermore, as bold Sir Fashion brings
Changes, yea, even to the soldier's things :
He questions if the Coat were worth the price,
Seeing that he will hardly wear it twice.

DUM-DUM.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Episodes of Marge (GRANT RICHARDS) is a remarkable book. It is no new thing for a novelist to conceive a female character wholly devoid of moral sense. THACKERAY did it in the case of *Becky Sharp*. Where Mr. RIPLEY CROMARSH adds novelty to the exercise is in the particular direction in which he illustrates his thesis. His heroine, the daughter of a drunken wife-beating labourer, is a sprightly, good-natured, attractive girl, ready at all times to do anything for anybody—especially to relieve them of any valuable property they may possess. She is, in short, an instinctive habitual thief, with leaning towards the pleasing art of burgling. Undertaking a short railway journey at the outset of a criminal career, she "lifts," as she puts it, a strange gentleman's valise as naturally as, even with keener pleasure than, she handles her own reticule. In various disguises she goes a-burgling, by her skill, address and courage meeting with phenomenal success. The episodes, though strung together so as to make a story, stand by themselves. They suggest to my Baronite a sort of reversal of the adventures of *Sherlock Holmes*. He saw crime from the outside and, with unflinching success, pursued the criminal. *Marge*, from the inside, shows how these things are done. The writer's name is unknown to fame. This is probably his first work. There is some crudeness about the effort, and here and there the mind lingers on the potential beneficence of the editorial blue pencil. But the situations are strong, novel, skilfully conceived, graphically described.

Most of us know some of the verse that helped to make the fame of the prose writer of *The Luck of Roaring Camp*. We are familiar with "Jim," with "Dickens in Camp," and, of course, with "Truthful James." But BRET HARTE wrote much more than that, some nearly as good. CHATTO AND WINDUS issue in companionable volume his *Complete Poetical Works*. My Baronite, reading it through, is confirmed in the impression that we cannot have too much of BRET HARTE.

ASHBY STERRY is the very type of the lazy loungeur on the

Thames; or, as he himself, being a master of the gentle art of punning as he is of punting, would say in that true Shakspearian clown style he so much admires, "Then am I Sterry-o-typed." And, by the way, his incidental imitation of the Shakspearian clown popular in Elizabethan society is really very excellent fooling. His book, *A Tale of the Thames* (SANDS & Co.), is just the sort of thing to take up and put down again, at any time, as you float along "lazily, lazily," or lie under the willows, your boat hauled up, like the 'buses in the City, close in to the bank. To those who go up and down the river in canoes and punts, or who are dwellers temporarily in house-boats, this light sixpenn'orth is commended by the placid

BARON DE B.-W.

EDWARD THE CONQUEROR.

[NOTE.—Mr. Punch has here adopted the spelling which has been long hallowed by poets and the general Saxon public, though he is well aware that for the most part it bears no sort of resemblance to Irish pronunciation.]

OCH, PAT, 'tis Oi can fale the joy
Within me bosom bubblin',
Becos Oi 've sane the KING an' QUANE
(God bliss 'em!) inther Dublin.

The KING was bould in rid an' gould,
The QUANE was loike a fairy,
The cyar av state would aisy bate
The best in Tipperary.

An', PAT, me lad, the KING looked glad
To hear the bhoys a-cheerin',
An' when he smoiled, ses Oi, me choild,
Ye 've won the heart av Erin.

Go wheer ye please, thim winnin' ways
Will make ye welcome, very;
That gracious smoile would aven woile
The stony heart av Derry—

Swate Derry who, when Kings would woo,

Still turned a dif auric'lar,
For av the things she hated, Kings
She loathed the most partic'lar.

Although they wept an' prayed, she kept
The stony heart within her,
An' niver yit did she permit
A British King to win her.

Poor JIMMY TWO in vain did woo,
He put his arrums round her,
Wid Stuart art besayged her heart,
But 'twas a shrew he found her.

'Twas long he fought wid her an' sought
Be night an' day to bind her;
The more he thried the more she cried,
"Be jabbers, no surrindher!"

But shure 'twas quitoe another soight
When EDWARD came from Leinster,



Aunt. "WHY, TOMMY, I 'VE ONLY JUST TAKEN A SPLINTER OUT OF YOUR HAND, AND NOW YOU 'VE LET PUSSY SCRATCH YOU. HOW DID THAT HAPPEN?"

Tommy (who has been tampering with the cat's whiskers). "WELL, I WAS ONLY TRYING TO GET SOME OF THE SPLINTERS OUT OF HER FACE!"

Wid royal grace an' smoilin' face
To coort the chilly spinster.

Wan glance she stowle an' thin her sowl
Was bowed in swate submission,
"Bedad," ses she, "my KING Oi see,"
An' yielded at discretion.

EX LIBRIS.

THE recently-published novel *Pigs in Clover* is described as "a brilliant satire on the foibles of smart society." The engaging frankness of the title is said to have caught on with the public fancy, and we are credibly informed that the following announcements are shortly to appear in the successful publisher's list:—

As Children in these Matters. By A. J. B.—A strong political novel. "The keen insight of the author enables the lay mind to appreciate easily the

wheels within wheels of Cabinet administration."—*The Open Mind.*

Paid to Prevaricate. A sensational story. By O. BAILEY.—The *Morning Mail* says: "Mr. BAILEY displays an intimate acquaintance with the criminal and those who assist him in evading the law."

Ducks in the Fountain. By "Ragsman."—"Reveals a knowledge of the inner life of the Army unsurpassed by the author of *Bootle's Baby*."

A Slump in Morgans. By the author of *The Octobust*.

The Beasts that Perish. By the author of *Through Surrey on a Motor Car*. With a preface by A. CONSTABLE.

"With good capon lined?"

GARDENER (Working). Life experience. All-round man inside and out.—*Advt. in "Times."*

PASHLEY'S OPINIONS.

No. XVIII.

I HAD an awful business with that blessed bull-dog in the cab. Before we'd gone ten yards he was all over me, wanting to lick my face like mad, and doing it too. Then he'd shove his ugly old head out of the window, and most of his body after it, and I'd have to tug him back sharp to prevent him falling out, and then he'd be at me again, not fierce, but just loving and stupid. At last I got quite angry with him and raised my fist at him, and that great wild-looking beast turned right over on his back on the seat of the cab, and put his four paws up into the air, with the silliest expression on his face, just like a boy who drops and says, "I'm down; you can't hit me."

I got covered all over with dirt and dog's hair, and my hat was knocked sideways after falling off and *Hercules* sitting on it in play. I can tell you I was fairly done when I got home at last, and I had to pay three shillings extra for damage to the cab.

Well, I let myself in with my latch-key, and hauled *Hercules* after me, and then I stood a bit in the passage to pull myself together. Then I shouted out, "Hi, everybody! I've brought the dog. Come and look at him."

PLUMLEY happened to be calling, and he came out first, and Mother came after him, but stood on the first landing. I said, "I've got him chained; you needn't be afraid," and at that very moment he gave a tug, and off he went, chain and all. I slipped back against the hat-rack and went over crash. Next the chain got PLUMLEY round the legs and he went over, and *Hercules* rushed upstairs like a cannon ball. He took Mother fair in both legs, and she went over on the landing with a scream you could have heard all the way to Putney. *Hercules* thought it was a game, for he danced over Mother and licked her face, and then he came clattering down the stairs again and had a go at PLUMLEY, who had got mixed up with a table and hadn't been able to find his legs.

Before I caught him he'd done circles round the parlour, and then up again and through the drawing-room. You never saw such a smash-up of glass and china and photograph frames and little tables as he made.

It was a bad beginning: I couldn't help feeling that. However, I seized him at last, after he'd burst through Mother's bedroom door and played the deuce with her bed. The silk quilt was a sight after he'd done with it. PLUMLEY had made tracks out of the house double quick without waiting to take his hat, and Mother was locked up in the parlour sobbing, with the broken furniture all round her. I found her there half an hour afterwards.



CIRCUMVENTED.

Outsiders in 1904, "and after," are only to be allowed to submit two works each for the Royal Academy Exhibition.

Distinguished Lady Amateur. "Oh, dear me! I'M AFRAID I SHALL NEVER GET MY TWO PICTURES FINISHED IN TIME!"

two frightful hissing spits and then she went at him. Cuff, cuff, she landed him on each side of his face two regular teasers, and then she stood with her back up, growling low and glaring at him. *Hercules* only gave one little yelp, and rolled over on his back with his paws up. "Lor," said the cook, "the dog's a coward," and so he was. From that moment he was a regular favourite in the house, for all his ugly looks and racky ways. He and the cat became the best of friends, and in a day or two she didn't mind him taking turns with the kittens. They used to play with his tail and bite his ears and do hide and seek in and out of his legs, while the old idiot stood there just slobbering with pleasure. All our friends used to come in to see the fun and everybody used to chaff me about my ferocious man-eating bull-dog—that was how ROGERSON put it. I kept the old dog for three years, and then he died of over-eating himself. His snoring during his last six months was something frightful.

A Cordial Understanding.

First Democrat (pointing to a belated banner left over from M. LOUBET'S visit, and bearing the motto "L'Union fait la Force"). I sy, BILL, whort's the meanin' o' that there lingo?

Second Democrat. Ow, it's another of them blimy advertisements o' Food Stuffs!

[Both satisfied.]